

THE  
CONFERENCE:

OR, INTERESTING  
DEBATES

AMONG

The MEMBERS of the COALITION,

Upon the Important SUBJECTS of  
MATTER and SPIRIT,

*The DEVIL in the Chair.*

MADE PUBLIC FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND,

BY

A REVIEWER of "*The Corruptions of Christianity.*"

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG. *ÆN.*

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L O N D O N:

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher of these minutes, is desirous to ward off a charge, which some persons may be induced to bring against him, for divulging the secrets of a private Conference. To effect which, he begs leave to assure his readers, that he was neither directly nor indirectly consulted, or concerned in the debates; and therefore cannot be said to have betrayed any confidence reposed in him by the parties. He neither courts, nor covets, the honour of having a rank in so fashionable a circle, but leaves that to more *rational* beings. He is content to associate with those, who prefer the guidance of divine revelation, under the influence of the Spirit of God, to that of the greatest *rational powers* a mortal can possess; since the wise man says, *He that trusteth to*  
*his*



*his own heart, is a fool.* In another place the same inspired writer says, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.* That person cannot be said to possess this knowledge, who lives in open rebellion against God, and is every moment disputing his right to the *throne* he sits on, the *sceptre* he sways, and the *crown* he wears. This piece, by discovering the wishes and intentions of such, may be a mean of preventing some from falling into the snare which may be artfully laid to entrap their feet; and if one only is delivered by it, the publisher will think it an happy event. All he desires in return, is an interest in their prayers, that he may be kept from falling into the damnable heresy of *Socinianism*, and from using his reason as a torch to light him to hell.

THE





T H E  
C O N F E R E N C E.

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*Characters.* ARIUS, SOCINUS, MAHOMET, SATAN,  
DOCTOR CORRUPTION.

ARIUS to the Doctor.

**H**AIL! Reason's monarch, reason's champion, hail!  
To thy decisive bar must all appeal.  
Thy matchless fame throughout the world abounds,  
In every country P-----y's merit sounds.  
Were I possess'd with an angelic tongue,  
Thy praise should be the burden of my song.

SOCINUS.

Permit me, Sir, to join my humble lay,  
And to thy shrine my share of tribute pay.  
I long have view'd thy conduct with surprize;  
Thy fame has reach'd beyond the lofty skies:  
And lo, to thee a monument I raise,  
Thy wond'rous pow'rs deserve my noblest praise.  
Go on, thy great commission to fulfil,  
And may thy doctrine like the dew distil.

B

MAHO.

## MAHOMET.

Can I be silent, and forbear to lend  
 My aid, to spread thy wonders, *reason's friend*?  
 Were I this part to act, the stones would rise,  
 And give to thee my share of sacrifice.  
 Where'er thy works have reach'd beneath the sun,  
 All join to give the laurels thou hast won.

## SATAN.

All hail! my sons, my worthy friends, well met;  
 Your faithful services I can't forget.  
 Your great achievements none can fully tell;  
 Your works are known thro' ev'ry part of *hell*.  
 You can't too much extol the Doctor's praise,  
 His merit far exceeds the notes you raise.  
 Where meets such candor, fortitude and zeal?  
 To your enlighten'd judgments I appeal.  
 I praise not him *alone*, I praise you all,  
 And will assist whate'er may you befall.  
 Altho' in trifles you may disagree,  
 Proceed—since all those trifles lead to me.

## Dr. CORRUPTION.

Most worthy Sirs, *matter and spirit* fail  
 To render thanks proportion'd to my zeal.  
 My heart's desire your int'rest is to serve,  
 Nor from your precepts will I ever swerve.

You know, my friends, I steadily pursue  
 The path of reason, and her maxims view:

But,

But, great Socinus, you I most adore,  
 Who reason's road hath travel'd long before.  
 I hope to see the time when ev'ry knee  
 Will bow implicitly to *thee* and *me*.

A few there are in this degen'rate age,  
 Who in the service of *our* God engage :  
 That dare to trample *revelation* down,  
 And in its stead place *reason* on the throne.  
 Each day to serve the cause I never cease,  
 And yet each day our votaries decrease.  
 I write, and print ;—I catechise, and preach ;  
 I try all means the human race to teach ;  
 And yet, alas ! few converts I obtain ;  
 I labour hard, yet labour much in vain.

Fools and fanatics ever will be found,  
 To spread *pernicious doctrines* all around.  
 Hence some assert that *Jesus Christ is God*,  
 And look for grace and glory thro' his blood.  
 Thus silly mortals deify the Son,  
 God's "*servant, creature, messenger,*" alone.  
 I trust the happy period's nigh at hand,  
 When none will own this *Idol* thro' the land.  
 Then, men become more wise, will not defend  
 What *human reason* cannot comprehend ;  
 But homage pay to her exalted shrine,  
 And all their pow'rs to her command resign.  
 The poor deluded *Trinitarian* tribe,  
 Who that destructive heresy imbibe,  
 Have much disturb'd my fav'rite scheme of late ;  
 I wish to love mankind—but them I hate.



The "*Calvinistic Baptists*" too combine  
 To set aside my much-belov'd design.  
 But such who common sense and learning want,  
 Will plenty have to listen to their cant :  
 While the more *rational* and thinking youth,  
 Attend on *me* to hear the words of truth.  
 No wonder those to *revelation* bow,  
 Who neither *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew* know :  
 But men possess'd of philosophic art,  
 Will not from *reason*'s nobler paths depart.  
 No ; men of letters, men of better sense,  
 Will all their faith and practice draw from thence.  
 Let fools unlearn'd to *revelation* trust,  
 While we of *reason* make our constant boast.

I trust you all have seen the late *Review*,  
 And all detest the criticising crew.  
 They boldly give me to my face the lie,  
 And my *Corruptions* grossly mortify.  
 Thus they debase my credit and my name,  
 And stop the progress of my rising fame.  
 I hope in time their malice to requite,  
 And clearly prove that we alone are right,

## A R I U S.

Your fortitude, dear Doctor, all must love,  
 And all no less your burning zeal approve.  
 But why the secrets of *my* scheme disclose ?  
 Why reckon me among your list of foes ?  
 Altho' we do a little disagree  
 In our opinions of the Deity,

Yet

Yet both to one beloved object tend,  
 Since both the cause of *reason* do defend.  
 Let us in future with one heart proceed,  
 And try to crush the *Trinitarian* breed.  
 Were I dispos'd to quibble with my friend,  
 I might to many other things descend;  
 But rather would I give you all my art,  
 Than act so mean, so ignoble a part.

## S O C I N U S.

I much approve my worthy brother's plan,  
 To walk together, and do all you can,  
 To serve so noble, great and good a cause;  
 Such conduct must insure you both applause,  
 A little opposition now and then  
 Is not amiss, and therefore use your pen:  
 Indeed, in this you do already shine,  
 Of books you now have publish'd *forty-nine*,  
 And to the public you have promis'd more:  
 Proceed; in time you'll print as many score.  
 I love thee well; I love thy noble plan;  
 Go on, my son; go on, immortal man!

## Dr. CORRUPTION.

I thank you, Sirs, for such well-tim'd advice,  
 I'll not in future be so very nice.  
 I never meant to grieve such worthy friends,  
 And strait will alter what I find offends.

M A H O.

The "*Calvinistic Baptists*" too combine  
 To set aside my much-belov'd design.  
 But such who common sense and learning want,  
 Will plenty have to listen to their cant :  
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 And strait will alter what I find offends.

M A H O.

## MAHOMET.

In looking o'er some recent *forms of pray'r*,  
 A sentence griev'd me much, inserted there :  
 I did not this oppose, lest I should stop  
 Your prudent plan, which I would rather prop.  
 It matters not to me, what course men take,  
 So they that base impostor Christ forsake :  
 Therefore I wish you luck, go on with speed,  
 To crush that *Idol* may your plan succeed ;  
 And whether *you*, or *I*, be idoliz'd,  
 It matters not, so *He* is but despis'd.

## Dr. CORRUPTION.

As I perceive *our ends and aims are one*,  
 I'm much displeas'd at what I there have done ;  
 And should I send a new edition out,  
 I will omit what you're concern'd about :  
 In every future piece, you may depend,  
 I will avoid whatever may offend.  
 What now remains for you and me to do,  
 Is to unite to crush the common foe :  
 To perfect this, let each with hand and heart  
 His utmost aid and influence impart.

## SATAN.

Your good advice, I trust, none here will slight,  
 But join to prosecute it with delight.  
 The worthy Doctor wishes to avoid  
 Whate'er may give offence on either side :

He'M

He'll be with pleasure Pagan, Turk, or Jew;  
 Socinian, Arian—any hue  
 That suits his int'rest, and promotes applause,  
 Or tends to weaken the *Messiah's* cause.  
 Then pray, my children, don't his mind distress,  
 He has enough already to oppress.  
 How many foes against the Doctor write!  
 To hurt him *press* and *pulpit* both unite.  
 Yet, see! how bold the little hero stands,  
 And bids defiance to the hostile bands:  
 Like harden'd steel, or adamant rock,  
 His heart sustains the force of ev'ry shock.

I must confess, the Doctor mis'd it once,  
 And prov'd himself no better than a dunce;  
 His lov'd *Corruptions* rose a span too high,  
 And bold examiners found out the lie.  
 To answer this his counsellor I stood,  
 But could not *clear him* do whate'er I wou'd.  
 Next steps forth H—y to assist the crew,  
 And prov'd our friends quotations were untrue.  
 But then, we know, it was the Doctor's zeal,  
 That prompt him thus to serve the public weal;  
 And tho' a lie, it merited applause,  
 Since it was done to serve the common cause.  
 It can't be sin a thousand lies to tell,  
 Provided they are gilded over well:  
 But when the poison shines the surface thro',  
 It wounds the cause, and hurts the liar too.  
 In future he'll more cautious be no doubt,  
 And tell such lies as H—y can't find out.



## Dr. CORRUPTION.

Most learned friends, your wisdom I admire,  
 And feel my bosom glow with hallow'd fire.  
 No mortal surely ever was so blest,  
 To be by such *accomplish'd* friends carest :  
 Words can't my sense of gratitude convey,  
 My every pow'r shall your commands obey.

I must my late attack with shame confess,  
 And own my conduct gives me much distress.  
 But when my book went forth, could I expect  
 To be detected by that prying sect ?  
 Who would have thought that e'er such men should tread  
 The path I went, and *ancient Fathers* read ?  
 Beside, as they had let me pass before,  
 I little dreamt they would the lie explore,  
 But just have given o'er the book a glance,  
 Then gape and swallow what I might advance.  
 But since I find they're grown so very nice,  
 In future I'll observe your good advice,  
 And gild my falshoods o'er with greater care,  
 And thus in time to come escape the snare.  
 What's past, I hope your candour will forgive,  
 And beg your help my credit to retrieve.

## A R I U S.

Assist you, Doctor ! aye, with all my heart ;  
 There's nothing I possess but I'll impart ;  
 And all our worthy friends, no doubt, will join  
 To help you forward in your grand design.

M A H O.

MAHOMET.

I much rejoice, such *unity* to see;  
All that's in man, you may expect from me.  
Sooner will I desert the noble Turks,  
Than cease to aid the Doctor in his works.

SOCINUS.

You know, my friends, he's my begotten *son*,  
And longs to finish what his *fire* begun.  
All I possess, belongs to him of course;  
I trust my friends will help with all their force.

SATAN.

Your zeal, my sons, your father's bosom charms;  
I long t' embrace you all within my arms.  
No parent, surely, ever was possess'd  
With four such children as I now am blest.  
Go on, my sons, to perfect what's begun,  
And none will e'er dispute with you the throne.

Dr. CORRUPTION.

I find my drooping spirits nobly chear'd,  
And now am freed from what before I fear'd.  
With your assistance I will still proceed,  
And trample down the *Trinitarian* breed.  
But pray, my friends, before from hence you go,  
On me your art, and all you have bestow:  
And that decorum may in all appear,  
I move to vote the *Devil* in the chair.

C

SATAN.

S A T A N.

I beg, my son, this honour to decline,  
To your *superior* gifts I must resign.  
Let *age* to *merit*, son, for once give place,  
Your shining talents best this office grace.

Dr. CORRUPTION.

Of human merit I've a wond'rous share,  
Yet, Sire, to you I must give up the chair;  
For tho' my *talents* may unrival'd shine,  
Your great *experience* far exceedeth mine.

S A T A N.

I'll take the chair, since it is so decreed,  
And strait to business let us all proceed.  
Then who amongst us can a scheme propose,  
To raise our credit, and destroy our foes.

MAHOMET.

If I may chuse, I think the noblest plan  
Is found contained in the *Alcoran* :  
There pleasure reigns without the least controul,  
And fruits celestial feast the happy soul.  
There joys abound, which suit the *carnal* mind,  
And flesh and sense may rich provision find.  
There *Trinitarians* are excluded quite,  
And *Unitarians* worship God aright.  
What think you, Mr. *Chairman*, will it do?  
If not approv'd, pray let's have one from you.

S A T A N.



S A T A N.

I wish to leave the matter to my son;  
Perhaps he chuses to prefer his own.

Dr. C O R R U P T I O N.

I think my own most *rational* indeed,  
And better calculated to succeed.  
In some things I approve the *Alcoran*;  
And yet my own appears a better plan.  
Surely the world would think it very odd,  
That we should chuse an *unitarian God*;  
And yet be *Trinitarians in our lives*,  
By chusing a *plurality* of wives.  
It seems our friend had *twenty-one*, or more,  
And that I think too many by a *score*.  
But if his plan appears to you more fit,  
To your superior judgments I submit.  
*To bring down Christ is all I have in view*;  
*What best will that accomplish, I'll pursue.*

S A T A N.

Bravo, my Son! with energy proceed,  
And prove thyself of *Luciferian* breed.  
Your plan appears to me to be the best,  
But let us hear th' opinion of the rest.  
Suppose we *Trinitarians* all commence,  
If more advantages will flow from thence?

Dr. C O R R U P T I O N.

What! worship Christ! a *creature*!—God forbid!  
Should think myself a madman if I did.

No, no, I ne'er will worship a *mere man*,  
 Or ever leave the *Unitarian* plan.  
 If I were thus to act, I ne'er should fit  
 With men of *learning, reason, taste* and *wit*.  
 I wish to die with what I now possess,  
 And *reason trust to lead to happiness*.

## S A T A N.

Since *Arius* and *Socinus* silent be,  
 It seems the matter they refer to me.  
 Of all your plans, I frankly must confess,  
 The Doctor promises me *most* success.  
 Then take, my son, your father's heart and hand;  
 All I possess you freely may command.  
 If you continue thus to live and die,  
 We ne'er shall part throughout eternity. \*

The *Coalition* then *nem. con.* adjourn'd,  
 And to their habitations each return'd :  
*Right Reason* in the way the Doctor meets,  
 And thus the *Christ-despising creature* greets:—

## R I G H T R E A S O N.

Stop, mortal, stop, and for a moment pause :  
 Why art thou zealous in so bad a cause ?  
 Why eagerly pursue, with ev'ry breath,  
 The path which leads thee to eternal death ?  
 Thy conduct shews thy state is truly bad ;  
 Like Saul of Tarsus, thou art raging mad.  
 May that almighty ray which conquer'd Saul,  
 Make thee, like him, to Christ for mercy call.

Dr,

\* John iii. 18.    Psal. ix. 17.    Mark xvi. 16.

Dr. CORRUPTION.

Pray tell me who thou art, and what's thy name ?  
That thus against my conduct you exclaim.  
Were I a wretch most vile—of sinners chief—  
A *murdrer*, *liar*, *slanderer*, or *thief*;  
*Idolater*, *unclean* ; nay, ten times worse,  
I should not merit a more awful curse.

RIGHT REASON.

Thyself thou curstest, but I curse thee not ;  
Nor do I wish that this should be thy lot :  
But while you hate the path that leads to bliss,  
You wander farther from the God of peace :  
And by despising his appointed way \*,  
Your soul you *murder*, and *him* disobey.  
If you the Godhead of the *Son* deny,  
At once you give the God of truth the *lie* † ;  
And by debasing what his arm hath done,  
You *slander* him, and war against his throne.  
Surely the man that robs *himself* and *God*,  
Must be a *thief*, and walks the downward road.  
And he who incense burns to human aid,  
Himself a gross *idolater* has made.  
All who this course pursue, must live in sin,  
And, like the loathsome leper, be *unclean*.  
Now, Sir, bring home these charges to your breast,  
And then you'll see why thus I you address'd.

Dr.

\* John xiv. 6.      † Heb. i. 8.



Dr. CORRUPTION.

If you *right reason* be, you are *my God* ;  
The path mark'd out by you, I long have trod.  
'Tis you I most adore, admire, and love ;  
'Tis you I trust to lead my soul above.

RIGHT REASON.

You trust *polluted* reason, not *refin'd*,  
Nor is your heart to wisdom's ways inclin'd.  
You boast of *reason*, yet her counsels slight,  
*Right reason* always leads her vot'ries *right*.  
You I disclaim—you ne'er by me was taught,  
Nor e'er one moment my instruction sought.

Dr. CORRUPTION.

You surely never did my *works* peruse,  
Or you would not my reason thus abuse.  
Among *philosophers* I much am priz'd ;  
They have my name almost immortaliz'd :  
And yet of reason you divest me quite ;  
Nay, would me from her sacred paths affright.

RIGHT REASON.

Talk not of *reason*, while you slight the *Son*,  
And strive to tarnish what his love hath done.  
You tear the dear-bought laurels from his head,  
And under foot his great atonement tread.

Among philosophers your fame may shine,  
And they may deem your works almost divine ;

But

But what has *Electricity* to do  
 With heav'n or hell, with happiness or woe?  
 Better by far to study *suns* and *moons*,  
 Or spend your time in making *air balloons*.  
 Better contemplate *comets*, *stars* and *poles*,  
 Than have to answer for *the blood of souls* \*.  
 Cease then to lead astray unthinking youth,  
 'Till you are made acquainted with the *truth*.

#### Dr. CORRUPTION.

This charge will not to my account be laid;  
 I never yet from reason's footsteps stray'd:  
 Nor shall my soul for happiness depend  
 On that which reason cannot comprehend.  
 When I by reason's glorious pow'rs can scan  
 How *three* are *one*, and Christ is *God* and *man*,  
 Then I will credit what the scripture saith,  
 And *Christ* shall be the object of my faith.  
 Till then, I ne'er these tenets will embrace,  
 Nor ever teach them to the human race.

#### RIGHT REASON.

The pow'r that can these mysteries define,  
 Must be *almighty*, *infinite*, *divine*.  
 Let all believe the truths the scriptures teach,  
 Tho' they are far beyond a mortal's reach.  
 How do you mean to meet the mighty God,  
 If thus you die despising of his blood †?  
 When thunders shake the earth, and rend the air,  
 And all mankind before his bar appear;  
 How do *you* mean to stand, what will *you* plead?  
 What can you substitute in Jesus' stead ‡?

Dr.

\* Ezek. iii. 18. † Heb. ii. 3. ‡ Ezek. xxxiii. 12.

Dr. CORRUPTION.

In *human merit* I shall stand array'd,  
And in that dress I cannot be afraid  
To meet the Lord before his judgment seat;  
Nor do I wish to stand there more compleat,  
Let others trust to Christ, I'll trust to this,  
And shall not fail to reach eternal bliss.

RIGHT REASON.

Poor, thoughtless, blind, deluded mortal, think,  
While now you stand upon the awful brink!  
Salvation dwells in Jesus Christ alone; \*  
And none but Jesus can for sin atone. †

Dr. CORRUPTION.

To seek salvation thro' a "*Creature's*" blood,  
Would injure *reason* and dishonour God.

RIGHT REASON.

O may the Lord converting grace impart,  
'To melt and break thy hard obdurate heart!  
May he in mercy open now your eyes,  
That you no longer Jesus may despise;  
But humbly down before his foot-stool fall,  
And own him for *your God*, *your all in all*.  
Then death will be a messenger of peace,  
To waft your soul to rest in his embrace,

\* Acts iv. 12. † Heb. ix. 26. ‡ John i. 7.

THE END.





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